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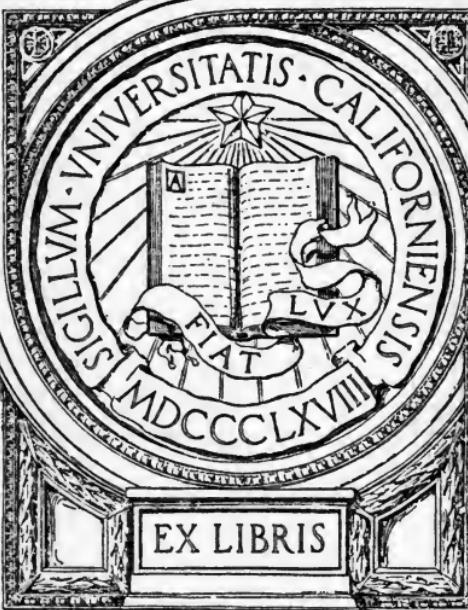


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THE BELLS AND OTHER POEMS.

KATHERINE S. NICHOLS.

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THE BELLS

AND OTHER

POEMS.



KATHERINE S. NICHOLS.

Something, as you look o'er these pages,
May you find, kind reader and friend;
Suggesting thoughts higher and greater,
Your mind and your heart will commend.

HO. 2110
AUGUST 1889.

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MAIN

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE EVENTFUL BELLS OF ST. MICHAELS, C. S. C.....	5
LIBERTY BELL.....	9
PLANTATION BELL.....	12
BELLS OF THE EXPOSITION	15
CHIMES	17
CHRISTMAS.....	19
AS THE POETS SING.....	21
THE GREAT POET.....	23
THE POET'S THOUGHT.....	25
MUSICIANS.....	27
THE SINGERS.	
SO, SING YOUR SONGS.....	30
LIEBCHEN AND THE COMPOSERS.....	32
AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF JENNY LIND.....	44
PARAPA ROSA AND LITTLE ELFIN.....	48
MISCELLANEOUS.	
IN AUTUMN.....	54
FANCIES.....	56
WHEN THE HEART IS IN TUNE.....	58
HERITAGE	60
PERSEVERANCE CONQUERS ALL THINGS.....	62
ASPHODEL.....	64
GOLDEN MOMENTS.....	65
RESPONSIBILITY.....	67
COMPENSATION.....	69
THE RAIN.....	70
PROVIDENCE.....	72
THE RIGHT.....	73
THE WINGED HOURS	75
TO YOUTH.....	77
AH YUTE.....	80
LINES.....	83
LIGHT.....	84
MORN	86

	PAGE
THE STORM.....	89
DAY.....	92
GRANT—OUR NATION'S HERO.....	94
GLADSTONE REFUSING THE TITLE OF EARL.....	96
SONNET TO A. M. H.....	99
THE BARTHOLDI STATUE, ETC., ETC.....	100
CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE.....	101
BALDER, ETC.....	105
THE SEASONS.....	108
BRIGHT AND FAIR.....	110
EDELWEISS.....	112
O SWALLOWS.....	114
THE ZEPHYRS.....	117
SWEET BRIER ROSE.....	119
HARVEST TIME.....	121
FROST.....	123
THE SLEIGH RIDE.....	125
A SUNSET ON LAKE WINNIPISSEOGEE.....	128
THE BROOK.....	132
THE MAY FLOWER—NEW ENGLAND'S SNOW FLOWER.....	134
MEADOWS SWEET.....	136
UP RED HILL.....	138
ROBIN RED-BREAST.....	142
THE ORIOLE.....	144
THE SUMMER DAWN.....	147
SONG OF THE RILL.....	149
A SUMMER NIGHT.....	151
THE MOUNTAIN MAID.....	153
CHILD AND BLOSSOMS.....	155
THE RIDE.....	157
THE BETROTHAL.....	161
ACCUMULATION.....	163
THE LADY.....	166
ARTISTS.....	167
THE PAINTER.....	168
PICTURES.....	170
THE NEW YEAR.....	174

THE EVENTFUL BELLS

OF ST. MICHAELS, CHARLESTON, S. C.

Silvery chimes that for many a year,
Have waved in sweet sounds out on the soft air,
Their calls to worship, to praise and to pray,
In this temple to God, on the Sabbath day.

But with no sweet consciousness are they fraught,
Though so closely linked to our life and thought,—
We sing of these now, while in peace they chime,
And wait things to come with the tide of time.

The bells were fashioned on Albion's shore,
And made of metals of differing ore,
These positioned with care until it was found,
The bells had a resonant musical sound.

Of their kindred and friends the owners thought,
When having the bells thus carefully wrought,
To bestow on them a musical dower,
To crown their St. Michael's lofty tower.

So across the sea came the new-made bells;
To ring praise and peans, and toll sad knells,
For people who dwelt in this sun-warmed clime,—
Where sweet flowers bloom through the winter's prime.

But the colonies struggling with meagre dower,—
Oppressed with burdens by father-land power,
Rebelled, as they thought, with a rightful cause,
Against his coercive and stringent laws.

With the town the bells were captured in war,
And then carried back o'er the sea afar;
But when to the colonies peace came, then
The bells to St. Michael's were brought again.

Anew in their tower then gaily they swung,
And jubilant tones out on the air rung;
For the people rejoiced in the good work wrought,
With delight in the peace they had dearly bought.

And jubilant, then, because they were free,
To rule the nation, as ruled it should be,
But ere long with the tide of prosperity's waves,
The good rule they periled by holding slaves.

When a new rebellion this caused in the land,—
So, proud to be free from the parent hand,—
The menaced bells were again from the tower
Taken down, and away from the bombarding power.

But in time the conqueror's storming shells,
Battered and shivered the wandering bells,
In the place for safety to which they were borne,
Where the "stars and bars" were from their State
House torn.

When this war 'tween brothers, at last, did cease,
And time for thought came, with return of peace,
Then the broken pieces, the twisted and bent,
Were gathered and again o'er the blue main sent.

To be recast of same metal and grade,
And same firm, by whom at first they were made,
Then by the freemen brought across the bright waves,
To the land of free yeomen and of freed slaves.

And the third time raised in St. Michæl's high tower,
To ring tones of triumph, with new-made power.
And glad sounds the hearts of the people to cheer,
For silenced was din of war on the ear.

Treasured, eventful and much traveled bells !
Novel the story their history tells,
Threatened by fire that brought a slave's release,
Borne away by wars to return in peace.

Then escape the terrible earthquake shock,
That unsafe made many a house and block ;
Long in St. Michæl's grand tower may they swing,
And in peace unbroken long may they ring.

LIBERTY BELL.

O'er Independence Hall the bell hung,
And for Freedom loudly was rung;
"Liberty, for each and for all,"
Rang in shouts from the patriot's hall.

The nation then wild with "Hurrahs,"
Waved pennons, with stripes and with stars,
Cried "the foe has fled from our shores,
Oppression we've barred from our doors."

A Goddess they brought to adorn,
Their "Hall" with her fair stately form,
With Liberty's cap on her head,
For to Freedom the Goddess was wed.

And a wand to hold in her hand,
To wave over all the broad land,
That the people under its sway,
Should the laws of freemen obey.

An eagle from his eyrie was brought,
Thus to emblem the power they sought ;
While as strong they felt in their might,
As earnest in the wish to do right.

The bell tones of Liberty rang,
As the freemen of freedom sang,
And then, there were none in her bounds,
Could say these were empty, false sounds.

“Equal rights has each one, and all,”
Rang from Pennsylvania Hall,
“Right to life and to liberty,
For our God has made all men free.”

So the years passed by till there came,
From out the far north a dark train ;
Cries swept through the air their way round—
Or, was it the wind’s wailing sound ?

Ah no ! the sad wind has no strain,
Like the heart’s deeper wail of pain—
It has passed—this thought will upspring,
Fair Liberty with a broken wing.

O, did the sad tones, with the fright
Of that dreary and dismal night,
Of slaves borne from 'neath the north star,
Draw that fatal seam in the side?

Or that men were false in their pride
To the freedom they vaunted so far?
That made the break with the fearful wound—
The bell lose forever its musical sound.

PLANTATION BELL.

LEGEND OF THE OLD SLAVE BELL OF LAKE PONCHARTRAIN.

Not to ring peans for freedom,
Was it wrought in musical form ;
But to wake and call to his labor,
The slave in early gray of the morn.

For one, who owned slaves and acres,
Had it for his pride and use made,
And he, to make the tones sweeter,
Had silver wrought in of fine grade.

Then high in a tower he hung it,
That far might be heard its clear sound
By slaves asleep in their cabins,
Or toiling in cane-brakes around.

When day was opening her windows,
To them sharp were the tones it rung ;
But when eve drew down her dark curtains,
Most silvery sweet were they sung.

Our hearts tune our ears to music ;
Sweet sounds are as wails to their pain ;
With longing for things that are better,
Hope and joy will spring in each strain.

In twilight the tones were all music,
In hours of rest silvery sweet ;
And the slaves would say that they loved it
When near it, in crowds, they would meet.

For as to a friend, they would come,
To wail out their griefs and their songs,
While they talked of the comfort it gave them
When suffering most from their wrongs.

And many were the tales they told,
When dim night was lone with the stars,
Of a wonderful heavenly music,
Singing sweet to them through its bars.

That somehow, when they were most sad,
The bell tones would ring with such cheer,
That new hope would well in their hearts,
No more would they have any fear.

Would talk of a spell in the music,
Which made them in gladness rejoice ;
Believing that God and His angels
Spoke of freedom to them through its voice.

In the morn it rang for the master ;
But a joy seemed in it to swell,
When it rang for the slaves in the evening,
For then it was Liberty's Bell.

One day, the day set for their freedom,
In thanksgiving filled by them, well,
It rang loud peals and triumphant,
So, ending its mission, it fell.

NOTE.—It was said, by the slaves, that the day when their emancipation was proclaimed, the bell fell from the tower, breaking in its side the long fissure, so like to that in the side of Liberty Bell of Pennsylvania Hall, Philadelphia.

BELLS OF THE EXPOSITION.

NEW ORLEANS.

Liberty Bell, thou wert brought from far,
From colder clime 'neath the pale north star,
To meet the slave bell of the sunny south,
By Mississippi's wide river mouth ;
Where mingle the lily and rose perfumes
With jassamine's fragrance and orange blooms.

Ye are silent, Bells, but your mute tongues,
Speak still of Liberty and of wrongs ;
The Liberty of our early braves :
Slavery near Ponchartrain's waves,
And wherefore hither are ye now brought ?
And what the meaning in this is wrought ?

Ye tell, and greatly it is to your praise,
How beats the Nation's great heart these days ;
How it grows in right, of errors shorn,
By trials and conflicts, it has borne.
That best men err, we regretful find—
Yet, so grows our love for all mankind.

'Tis through defeat's most bitter smart,
Men ever learn the wiser part—
Learn by God's law; that we receive
In just proportion as we give,—
That Nations true to right will rise
To the high estate, that all men prize.

In larger thought and growth we'll rest,
For lessons slowly learned are best;
So through experience, cost and pain,
We step upon a higher plane,
Which leads us in a better way
Safe, where our feet can never stray.

How happy, 'neath this winter's sun,
Are men to meet, when they, as one,
Cling to this right, throughout the land,
Accept as best and own God's hand;
Though just his rule, in love rules still
Our Nation, bending to His will.

CHIMES.

Softly pealing, far and near,
Fall the distant silvery chimes,
Fall in slow and rhythmic rhymes,
In low, sweet and tender swells,
Voices of the many bells,
Chiming, chiming, sweet and clear.

Silvery chimes come o'er the leas,
Through the stilly dreamy woods,
When life is in quiet moods,
In the Sabbath morning hush,
When the rose in crimson blush,
Lifts its perfume on the breeze.

Silvery chimes upon the air;
In tones tender, rich and sweet,
And with music all replete,
Chiming praises of our Lord,
Thrilling e'er the heart's deep chord,
Praises floating everywhere.

Silvery chimes so soft and pure,
Pealing, tender as a psalm,
Sweet tones that our spirits calm,
Softly on the morning air,
Calling to the house of prayer,—
Lift our thoughts to higher sphere.

CHRISTMAS.

O welcome the day, let Christmas bells chime,
Welcome Day of days in the eons of time—
When Life of life winged through the gates of morn,
From the Golden hills of glorious day,
Where the light with light in its splendors play,
With the star of stars to herald his birth,
Star halied with joy by the wise men of earth,
As a child in Judea's land is born.

O welcome the day, let Christmas bells chime
The wonderful day of that joyful time
When the angel of God to shepherds came.
And the glory of God about them shone
Glory of glories, to the world unknown:—
And the angel glad tidings brought to earth,
The joyful news of a Saviour's birth,
Of the Christ in Bethlehem's manger born.

O welcome the day, let Chrismas bells chime
The song of angels, glorious, sublime ;
Day-spring of new era, the world's new dawn,
When the Lord revealed his wonderful plan,
To uplift and ennable fallen man,
And bring him again to his pristine state,
From all sins evil, from its wrong and hate,
Through our Redeemer in Bethlehem born.

O welcome the day, let Christmas bells chime,
Welcome day of days in the cycles of time !
O welcome the day that ushers the morn
Of new life lived through that wonderful love,
That came down to earth from the Throne above,
To woman and man giving equal place,
In the plan of salvation and saving grace,
Through Christ our Saviour in Bethlehem born.

AS THE POETS SING.

Man sings of a love that dies with the years,
Restless, exacting, and threaded with tears,
However sweet.

Woman sings of a love that knows no fears,
A love exalting—a joy through tears,
And wondrous great.

Man sings of bright eyes, of a sylph-like form,
Of rosy cheeks and their dimpled charm;—
Her fair sweet face.

Woman sings of soft airs, and deep blue skies,
Of the birds and flowers, that 'neath them lies,
Fair nature's grace.

Woman sings of duties with love that sways,
And inclines the many to wiser ways,
With winning grace.

To where beauties of truth and goodness shine,
With light that draws up to the Divine,
By God's sweet grace.

THE GREAT POET.

True to his art is nature's great poet,
He lives in the world's pure and best things :
Of its beauties, its marvels, and splendors,
And its wonderful forces he sings.

And as fall on the screen the rainbow hues,
When the sun-ray has passed through the prism ;
So these beautiful scenes pass through his thoughts,
And on the heart fall in delicate rythm.

And his pictures gleam with grace of the day,
Sweeter than bird-song is his measure ;
We hear the strains of the low-breathing winds,
And the echoes of sorrow and pleasure.

How tender are rose-shades in his day's dawn,
When the sky-lark sings full in its flush,
And how rich the deep tones of his sunsets,
Which are thrilled by the song of the thrush.

A charm he weaves in, to the still throbbing hours
Of a dreamy long white sunny noon,
When summer winds die in the cool green woods,
And silenced are the song-birds of June.

And he sings—the sweet joys of a day,
That is fairer and purer than ours ;
Where our strength lies ; and fruition of hopes,
That spangle our path here with flowers.

So paint, as you sing, great and true poet !
Let the world overflow with your songs,
'Till its heart, with love, joys in your scenes,
And forgets all its sadness and wrongs.

THE POET'S THOUGHT.

It speeds as can thought, and on buoyant wings,
It revels in best and fairest of things,
Then dives to the deepest of hidden springs :
In its swift-winged flight there can be no bar,
For in boundless space it wanders afar,
In fleetness it wearies the morning star.

It gathers the greatness and weaves it in,
With touches of grace without and within ;
And brings to our minds with blessings therein,
Truths, new and old, from the fountain's deep flow,
We drink in their light, we live in their glow,
And long, up to these, in greatness to grow.

It reaches the heart of the world of light,
The sadness and gloom of its darkest night,
And sees where are fostered the seeds of right,
For whether within, or over the world,
It seeks for the truth in every mold,
And brings us a boon more precious than gold.

Wise is the poet, and great is his thought,
For beauty of truth he ever has sought,
And greatest and best to the world he has brought ;
And ever will live his musical rhyme,
With the sweetest songs of nature to chime
And bless human lives through the years of time.

MUSICIANS.

Fair nature's grand harmonies, they voice

In her many, and varied sweet sounds,
From the thrilling soft beat of the stars,

To the sparrow's low song in our grounds,
And will sing in true metrical bars,

The symphony or lay of our choice.

They voice the low sigh of the zephyr,

As it breathes through the leafy green woods,
Or the winds as they burst from their caves,

In their strong and loud-swelling storm moods,
Sweeping over the ocean's wild waves

'Till they die in a musical whisper.

They voice in their cadence and metre,

Nature's song in her joys to our ears,
As they gush from the nightingales' throats,

Or in whirl of the swift-rolling spheres ;
And their heaven-born musical notes,

Voice, sounds to the ear of man sweeter.

And these fall as sweet charms on our ears,
To cheer and uplift by their sway,
Melt our hearts with the God-praising psalm,
'Till our night fleets away into day,
In delight that lives with us to calm,
And strengthen through life's varying years.

THE SINGERS.

SO, SING YOUR SONGS!

Oh, sing your songs, light heart, light heart,
While morn with rose-buds toy !
So, sing your songs, light heart, light heart,
With golden trills of joy !

Oh, sing your songs, sad heart, sad heart,
In pensive tones and low !
So, sing your songs, sad heart, sad heart,
While angels o'er you bow !

Oh, sing your songs, sweet heart, sweet heart,
Let each in rapture move !
So, sing your songs, sweet heart, sweet heart,
In tender tones of love !

Oh, sing your songs, bruised heart, bruised heart,
Waiting a better day !
So, sing your songs, bruised heart, bruised heart,
'Till hope-beams o'er you play !

Oh, sing your songs, brave heart, brave heart,
In thraldom true and strong !
So, sing your songs, brave heart, brave heart,
'Till right rules out the wrong !

Oh, sing your songs, faint heart, faint heart,
With e'er uplifted eyes !
So, sing your songs, faint heart, faint heart,
There's light above the skies !

Oh, sing your songs, great heart, great heart,
In sweetest strains of grace !
So, sing your songs, great heart, great heart,
All sorrows to efface !

LIEBCHEN AND THE COMPOSERS.

With her fair face against the window,
Peering out into the gloom,
Stood a slender, tall, young maiden,
In a dimly lighted room.

A yellow fog and chilling mist
Swept through the narrow lonely street,
That half-hid the broken pavement,
Where the watchman held his beat.

Anxiously she watched and waited,
For the coming of her sire ;
With no cheering evening welcome,
With no coals to light a fire.

While on the plain and small table,
Covered lay their only crust ;
Covered to hide its meagreness,
As to protect it from the dust.

So it would seem that food was left;
If in this day's weary round,
Her father had, as in week's past,
No sale for his music found.

And of the early friend no trace,
He expected here to find;
While pinching want and waning means,
Had worn on his anxious mind.

When her father came the tale was told,
In his wan despairing look,
And this terrified the daughter,
'Till she with keen anguish shook.

Then quickly formed was her resolve,
Nobly pressing back her tears,
And with strength born of the crisis,
She put away timid fears.

Gently soothing, and caressing,
To her father, kind and dear,
Said, "Please now, lie down and rest thee,
I will go to some place near,

And bring in, while you are sleeping,
Fuel for a fire and light:—
Bring some bread and tea for supper,
Ere 'tis later in the night."

He was so weak, from want and hunger,
With the exhaustion of despair;
He was benumbed to forgetting,
She had no pence for light or fire.

Then she took up her light guitar,—
When his eyes saw not the deed;—
Ran out through the street so narrow,
To broad ways with rapid speed.

Ran with haste, with deer-like fleetness,
By narrow streets and alleys,
Round the places, dark and noisy,
By weird and dreaded byways.

With no thought or fear of danger,
Only of love and duty;
Now so intent on her errand,
Urged by their necessity.

Then stayed her steps to look around,
 In a large and quiet place,
Where she heard no nearing footsteps,
 Saw not either form or face.

'Till towards a tall house looking,
 Where a window opened low;
She within the room saw plainly,
 Some one moving to and fro.

Then she placed herself before it,
 Thrumming strings of the Guitar:
She sang a sweet and thrilling song,
 It rang out clearly on the air.

Intently looking through the window,
 Saw two men the room within;—
One as startled, coming forward,
 Asked the singer to "come in."

Her hand then taking, led her in
 To the warm and glowing light,
Asked, "why with such voice do you sing,
 Out in the cold, cheerless night."

“And where did you learn the music,
You have rendered now so well?”
Then to himself, “no one knew this,
None but he these strains could tell.”

“Oh, it was my father taught me,
This is his favorite song,
Written by the great composer,
His friend, he has loved so long.

When once more with his piano,
She for him sang the sweet song ;
He asked, “Where now is your father?
What has compelled this great wrong ?

“Ah, but you look so pale and faint,
Let me some refreshment bring ;
Or come in and dine at the table
I left, when I heard you sing.

“When refreshment you have taken,
You shall tell me of your life,
Of your father, what his fate is,
Of his lovely, noble wife.”

Then she told him all the story,—
Briefly as it could be given;—
Of their far home, so sad and lone
When her mother went to heaven.

How her father's heart was crushed,
So he could do naught but grieve;
And he said, "Work here I cannot,
So 'tis best that I should leave,

"And go to my friend in London."
To him he so dearly loved,
Who ever from their boyhood days,
A kind and true friend had proved.

How he came to this strange city,
Came his early friend to find,
Of his vain search, his loss and want,
And his now sad state of mind.

Of his effort to sell music,
When his money was all gone;
That none here would buy a copy,
Of one who was so unknown.

In undertone, said the listener,
"This music is his work of years;
Of which he is so great a master,
As admit of no compeers."

"I may know your father," said he,
"Let us hasten now to him;"
Gotlieb, his son, then advancing,
Offers to go out with them.

When again that door was opened,
Which had closed with hearts so sad,
Happiness and light now entered,
For each one was truly glad.

They found her sire as she left him,
But when he lifted up his eyes;
To know the friends who stood by him,
Joy was mingled with surprise.

It banished the pain and sadness—
Banished all the settled gloom;
And transformed to warmth and brightness
Their cold, bare and cheerless room.

Words of cheer and explanations ;—

Then, assured that all was right,
They were left to quiet comfort,
And a restful peace that night.

And when had passed the freighted hours
Of that strange, eventful night ;
Which came in fraught with bitter pain,
That was lost in joy's delight.

That in memory, as mixed dreams,
Would ever live—morning broke ;
But to a sense of happiness,
The suffering ones awoke.

Woke to new hope and confidence,
The master fresh courage took ;
Whose nature was so retiring,
Must for strength to others look.

And retiring had been his life,
With no thought or wish to roam ;
This had been his only venture,
From his early quiet home.

Unlike ways of the elder master,
Who had been from zone to zone;
So was his name, as his wide fame,
Far o'er many nations known.

But he came back to work, content,
For he finer views had gained,
To fill in his grand thought pictures,
Now in outline only framed.

Or his loved friend would have found him,
When he reached old England's shore,
Where the "unknown master's" music
Would be prized yet more and more.

He well knew the worth and merit
Of his friend, knew he would gain,
Fame, with place his genius needed,—
Fitting field to conquer in.

And here it lay just before him,
Now he could point out the way,
With no rivalry or conflict—
Each to the other, would be stay.

While happy thinking out his plans
For himself, and for his friend ;
Was he weaving in some fancies,
Where Gotlieb and Liebchen blend ?

He saw Gotlieb's strong interest,
In the fair, modest maiden ;
Whose ready act of sacrifice,
Had so changed despair to heaven.

And the interest so awakened,
Saw increase with passing days ;
Plainly was it to him revealed,
In the many tell-tale ways.

That incident, strangely thrilling,
Had made an impression deep ;
While his music was more dreamy,
It with feeling was replete.

His earnest thought, with earnest work,
His sire was well pleased to note ;
Pleased now to think his happiness,
He easily could promote.

When his friend with oratorio
 Yet unfinished, to him came;
Listening to counsel, to him said,
 "This, alone will bring you fame.

"Now to the work confine yourself,
 That it ready be in time;
This the finest and best will prove
 Of all your great works sublime.

"Then, if you so will it, Gotlieb
 Will hear the young Liebchen play;
He has genius, with close study,
 A name he will make some day.

"If you will consult my daughter,
 Tell her this for me is best;
She will consent." Then said smiling,
 "My centered hopes in you rest."

So, for his present, urgent work,
 He had all the needed time;
To make ready the Christmas music,
 With the Christmas bells to chime.

The greatest and most sublime theme,
A Christ's coming to save man;
Theme, sweet as the song angels sang,
When God revealed his great plan.

That should be proclaimed in music,
To anthem and carol sweet;
As in the grand and noble form
Of oratorio is meet.

Maid and masters, now we leave them,
They to the wide world belong;
Famed for greatness,—they have brightened
All its nations with their song.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF JENNY LIND.

It was when the woods of Norseland,
With the frost and snow were crowned ;
And far up the rocky hillsides,
Gloomy shadows darkly frowned.

When the cold north winds were blowing,
From the frozen Arctic region,
Down throughout the Danish valleys,
To the homes of Copenhagen.

That the sweetest of Swede siagers,
In the spring-time of her fame,
Thither came, but unthinking
History would record the same.

She had melted hearts of thousands
By the secret of her power ;
Then her voice for strength and richness
Was unrivaled in its dower.

So, a throng of music lovers
Filled the spacious hall, that night,
And they listened to the singer
With a new and rare delight.

A mystic thrill of sympathy
Touched every listening ear,—
And they knew her heart was open
To the needy, far and near.

Yet unthought they, of the city's
Sorely tried and suffering poor:
But she had heard the cry of orphans,
And her plan was quick and sure.

So, in palace hall and cottage,
As upon the crowded street,
It was soon known that she would sing
For the children's benefit.

She sang, not for the world's applause,
In that cheerless winter's night;
But to fill the hearts of children
With new pleasure and delight.

The sweetest songs she selected,
Of all the songs she had sung;
As prescient, that memory
Would linger the chords among.

And happiness, then saw the singer,
In the proceeds, brightly shine;
As she had seen in the singing
That childhood would interline.

So, with a heart full of delight,
While her eyes with rapture shone,
She clasped her hands in ecstacy,
Exclaiming in joyous tone:

“Oh, is it not beautiful!
Beautiful that I can so sing?”
But she thought less of the pleasure,
Than of the good it would bring.

A woman with heart so tender,
Self-forgetting with her gifts,
Will see the dark hours of others
And let sunshine through the rifts.

But the passing moments fleeing,
Brought the singing to a close,
Kind hearts and hands had been opened,
Ere that vast assemblage rose.

Only a pleasant memory,
Is her sweetest song to-day;
But her kindly deeds are living,
All along life's rugged way.

PARAPA ROSA AND LITTLE ELFIN.

The sweet tones had died away,
The last grand notes had been sung;
And the thunders of applause
Out on the air had rung.

And from each point of egress,
The dense crowd was pouring out,
The hum of voices mingling
With the Cabman's loud shout.

When little pale-faced Elfin
Stood waiting by the door,—
Waiting for the sweet-voiced singer,
To offer her a flower.

And when he saw her coming,
Stepped quickly to her side;
And stood looking anxiously,
His large eyes opening wide.

Pleading eyes; the while he asked,
In an earnest, eager tone,
"Will you have my little flower?
I have brought for you, alone."

And as she kindly took the flower,
Said, "So, you heard me sing."
"Yes, I hid beneath the stair,"
To him was an angel's wing.

"And the music was so sweet,"
And so great was his surprise,
That he knew not how, or where,
But "was in a paradise."

Then in her sweet, loving way,
And her voice was full of cheer,
Said, "At five o'clock to-morrow,
Be sure to meet me here."

So, in that evening later,
At the time of concert hour,
In the box, for him chosen,
Sat the giver of the flower.

Dark eyes with pleasure beaming,
As around him now there floats,
The gentle, sweet-voiced singer's
Full, rich and tender notes.

With the trills and soft warble,
And the higher, rolling swell ;
While the soft gaze of Elfin
Then wavered not, nor fell.

And his heart was satisfied,—
In an ecstacy of bliss ;
It was joy he had not known,—
Fullness of delight was his.

And when to sing the last song,
Came the singer in the light,
Wearing the pure white lily,
That he gave her yesternight.

Loud peals of applause went up,
From the densely crowded throng,
As if they would crown her queen
Of sweet pity, love and song.

Then with one kind glance at him,
She sang in tones full and grand;
Sang his much loved little song,
The now famed, "Farewell, sweet land."

That oft, with his violin,
On the city's crowded street,
He had sung 'neath spring's sunshine,
And 'neath winter's rain and sleet.

And across the wailing strings,
Little Elfin drew his bow,
While low plaintive sobs and tears
Seemed through the house to flow.

And this appeal was so strong,
To best feelings of each heart;
They were ready with their gifts;
For many wished to have part,

In helping the noble woman,
So, to carry out her plan,
That the sweet love in the youth,
Be perfected in the man.

And then the little hunchback
Soon forgot his mis-shaped looks,
With his kind' and skillful teacher,—
His music and his books.

Oh, was this deed prophetic,
Of that future time, so near,
When her voice in memory,
Would be so cherished here.

And not only her sweet voice,
So perfected in her art,
But in memory is cherished
Her noble, loving heart.

MISCELLANEOUS.

IN AUTUMN.

The pale sun breaks, over the browning hills,
And flashes his light on rivers and rills:
The meadows are sere, that late were so fair,
And bracingly cool is the sharp frost-air.

In woods, the hunter is winding his horn:
And down 'mid the sheaves of the golden corn,
The blue jay with chickadee sings his tune,
Cheery as the summer-birds sing in June.

And the squirrels climb the tree-branches o'er,
To gather the nuts for their winter store,
While the ripened nuts fall on the crisp brown leaves,
And the spider his web 'mid the sweet fern weaves.

The grass fields are dry, and dry is the plain,
Where waved in summer the yellow-ripe grain:
And where the convolvulus trailed her blue bells,
The thistle has blown its puffy white balls.

The orchards are bright with their ripened fruit—
Though wilted or withered is each grass shoot—
Gay with the yellow, the green and the red,
Where the spring-time flowers were long ago dead.

In the sun-bright pastures, sturdy and true,
Blooms the golden-rod and the aster blue,
And here and there flowerets in some warm nook,
When near the copse winds a soft-flowing brook.

They open their trusting, bright, starry eyes,
As though o'er them rolled the warm summer skies.
But soon there will come a sharp, frosty night,
When their heads will droop ere the morning light.

But over the hill, grey with moss and stone,
With its clustered balls, stands hardy and lone,
Through the frost and cold and rain-cloud gloom,
The white everlasting in fadeless bloom.

FANCIES.

“WHERE ARE THE GOLDEN FANCIES?”

The golden fancies, where do they hide?
That beautify verse, as flowers abide:
We long for their glow, but long in vain,
When our Muse withholds the starry rain.

The golden fancies with airy wings,
That shimmer through song, the poet sings,
The music filling with beautiful light,
And wafting it heavenward in their flight.

Oh, where shall we find their fairy bowers,
And why hide they, when in longing hours,
We would weave them in, with thought's clear thread,
Tuning the rhyme to their airy tread.

Ah, the golden fancies, that fill the brain,
Of him who sings an immortal strain,
Are as glories dropped from out the skies,
To star truth's way in its upward rise.

Lovers of beauty, ever be true
To the wondrous gift that is given you,
And wait in patience, with earnest faith,
For the golden fancies to cross your path.

For, when they come, the singer will sing
A song that down through the years will sing :
For thought aglow with their golden shower
Will wield a sceptre of mighty power.

WHEN THE HEART IS IN TUNE.

As in sunlit days of June,—
 Bloom the flowers in rosy sheen,
 Sweet with dew in meadows green,—
 So flit the hours with golden wings,
 That sweet gladness to us brings:
 Everywhere is music's ring,
 And beauty gleams in everything,
Whene'er the heart is in tune.

As summer-night's stars and moon
 Silver o'er the water-brooks.
 Lapsing out from shady nooks,
 So o'er duties, cares of life,
 Sweet love, with its goodness rife,
 Lifts its softened glory-light,
 That e'er to us fresh delight
Gives, when the heart is in tune.

As from bard an ancient rune,
Rippling down from elder years,
Falls in music on our ears,
Like a long-forgotten song,
Whose sweet notes we would prolong ;
So is singing through our days,
For God's gifts our songs of praise ;
Glad when the heart is in tune.

HERITAGE.

In the world the call to labor,
 In a broad or narrow field,
Comes to us by grace of favor,
 That each life some good may yield.

To labor for race or nation,
 With our earnest words and deeds,
Help the high or low in station,
 As we can supply the needs.

Working each to help the other
 Onward in the way of life,
With love binding hearts together,
 Lessen burdens in the strife.

Working for the sure advancement,
 Of each good and worthy plan,
To spread light, that like enchantment,
 Will bless and ennable man.

Kind nature brings to us a dower,
Nor e'er can we this mistake,
Who uses best his gifts and power,
He is wise and truly great.

Some may cleave the way to freedom,
Who are brave and strong of heart,
While others may bravely aid them,
Working well in minor part;

Rough ways smoothing to paths brighter,
For the masses as the few,
Building up to purpose higher,
From the old things to the new.

Paths to knowledge cutting broader,
Strengthening each weaker part,
Foundations laying, firmer, surer,
Reaching up to higher art.

So will our lives all be greater,
Surging on the waves of time,
And hearts beat in grander measure,
Climbing up God's ways sublime.

PERSEVERANCE CONQUERS ALL THINGS.

"Perseverantia Vincit Omnes."

For power in paths of knowledge to climb,
Equal may seem our gift,
Till light breaks in on a chosen way,
As sun-rays through a cloud-rift.

Then for the riches that deeply lie,—
We search with new, strong light,
Each rock-vein and the bright-colored seam,—
Wealth to bring from its night.

Search with a hitherto unknown faith,
Certain that we shall win;
With a trust and faith so near divine,
Doubt cannot enter in.

We gather the water to find the hue,
That reveals the vein of gold,
We crush the rock and wash out the sand,
Searching while years unfold.

When rare success our labor has crowned,
With truth's banners unfurled,
Wealth, that none but deep searchers can find,
We bring to the waiting world.

We bring the gift, it gladly receives
What opens new domain,
And hails a genius in—result of work—
And hastens to honor our name.

Then anew take heart, O student,
Delver in fields of thought;
Success will crown your earnest work,
When truth is, there, inwrought.

ASPHODEL.

Sweet flower of feeling that imprisoned lies,
Hidden deep in the heart from searching eyes,—
What force shall reach thee in thy deep, deep well,
And burst thee into bloom, my asphodel !

Fair flower of thought shelved away in the mind,
Where lies the power to free thee, and unbind
The summer-dried crust of the toughened bell,
'Till thou burst in beauty, my asphodel !

Burst to brighten and the sweet notes prolong,
Of chords thou mayst touch in higher-hymned song,
While thou glidest in music of cadence and swell,
'Till thou burst to sing, my asphodel !

In flower-sweet song that the listener will love,
And will hold in his heart till a spring shall move,
And break up the depths in a wonderful swell—
Oh, thou heaven sent gift, my asphodel !

GOLDEN MOMENTS.

There are golden moments in every life !
Moments that are with rich blessings rife ;
May we watch their coming as with eagle's eye,
Seize and use them ere they pass us by.

They flit as they come on their golden wings,
Leaving us sad amid brightest things.
And they bruise our hearts with regretful pain,
For we know these ne'er can come again.

The golden moment some wrong to make right,
Some doubtful matter make clear as light,
Perhaps a mistake another may feel,
Or difference we may timely heal.

The golden moment, one to help and save,
Who is on the brink of ruin's grave,
And bring back to the world of joy so bright,
Where hopes spring anew to make the heart light.

The weary, sad and despairing to point,
To the Love that wounded hearts will anoint,
To the Love that forever will endure,
And peace and joy forever insure.

The golden moment, when we may receive
Good, transcending our power to give,
When some heart, drifting 'tween doubt and fear,
Hears Love's soft voice in our words of cheer.

The golden moment, when a chosen word,
Shall pierce the wrong, like a two-edged sword,
And in the place shall transcendent shine,
Faith in its beauty of light divine.

The golden moment that appeals to the soul,
To receive God's stamp for the heavenly goal,
When destiny hangs as held by a hair,
Nor waits for the wherefore, the when or where.

The golden moment with its two-fold room,
Freighted with life or with endless doom,
May we heed and hold, nor let it pass by,
For its golden freight may give joy for aye.

RESPONSIBILITY.

Riches and honor and rank and power,
He who holds these has a kingly dower:
When he is wise to whom they are given,
Then their good use brings him nearer heaven.

A fountain of good each may be made,
To the needs of every race and grade,
To high and low, the wayward and weak,
The proud, the halting, the fearing and meek.

Talents increase by their use we know,
And we shall reap, as ever we sow,
For each kind deed we do for the poor,
Love comes to renew and bless our store.

Crowned with honor is every good man,
This is God's high and most gracious plan,
And He all-powerful love displays,
In giving best rule to guide our ways.

Rank and position in power have share,
Let those who hold their ways rule with care.
For influence in good or ill we give,
With those who receive will ever live.

While riches and honor, rank and power,
Are things of our life that last its hour,
And must with its days e'er pass away:—
Result of our deeds will live alway.

COMPENSATION.

We start with one in a race ;
The other exhausted may win,
But by less speed in the course,
We find health and pleasure therein.

There's a hight we would attain,
To reach is a coveted prize ;
By climbing we see other points,
Richer in beauty arise.

We strive for a rare success,
And fail, but to find greater good,
Hidden beside this pathway,
We could find by no other road.

So, of life's friendships and loves,
We gain less by that we receive,
But ever more in proportion,
As we to others shall give.

THE RAIN.

Drop, drop, drop against the pane,
Listen to the gentle rain;
So, soft and low, low and sweet,
Soothing senses all to sleep.

Drop, drop, drop against the pane,
Gentle musical refrain:
Drop, drop, drop, so soft and clear,
Pleasant music to my ear.

So, drop, drop, drop, keeping time,
To the low and silvery chime,
Of the bells in yonder tower,
Ringing out the passing hour.

And drop, drop, drop, bringing flowers,
By your warm and gentle showers;
Bringing fairy troops that lay,
Gemming all the ground in May:

Through the valley, in the glade,
Where our loved one, now, is laid:
For we laid her down to sleep—
And we wait: while heart doth weep.

So, drop, drop, drop, gentle rain,
Call out lovely flowers again:
As our dear God, in his love,
Called our flower to bloom above.

PROVIDENCE.

The sky is cloudless, the day is fair,
The long billows roll, in clear salt air,
The waves foam-crested with sunbeams play,
And the good ship sails without me to-day.

The fast train goes out, and I must wait
For a note, that comes an hour too late:—
I turn—O the joy—to grasp the hands
Of the brother, just home from far-off lands.

The ship was lost in a heavy gale,
With only one left to tell the tale:—
Long was the roll of wounded and slain,
Of those who went down in the moving train.

But the brother brought me, that afternoon,
With his new great love, a priceless boon;
And his faith shall be mine, forever more,
'Till we meet again, on the stainless shore.

THE RIGHT.

In all the matter of life and its ways,
That rules with many or with the few sways,
Wherever the question of right comes in,
Is wrong to oppose with its thrall of sin.

For the wrong assumes oft a golden glow,
That attracts and wins by glittering show ;
Like a wire gilt network, gauzy and thin,
It ensnares the heedless, and holds them in.

And with soft glamor of magical light,
A fair and specious appearance of right,
Lures the strong and gifted from the true way,
And holds in the illusion their minds astray.

While the simple right, plain, and firm and true,—
Though the false and seeming wear its glow and hue ;
Its pale light burns steady and sure and strong,
To melt the tinsel and glamor of wrong.

Its good laws are fixed and firmly will stand,
When wrong lies crushed, like wrecked ships on the
strand ;
For just is ever good cause of the right,
And the wise of the world e'er joy in its might.

THE WINGED HOURS.

Why speed you so fleetly, with soundless wings,
From all earth's brightest and loveliest things?
Why hasten away from the sweet morning time,
When the sun spangles all things with golden rime?

Why speed away with the moments' swift tread,
That weave the Eternity with their thread?
They wait not to hear the sweetest spring song,
That breezes and streams delight to prolong.

Why speed with the summer-winds rose-sweet breath,
That waft sweet flower-scents over the earth,
'Till, to us, they seem from Paradise sent,
The sweetness of earth with heaven's sweet blent?

Why steadily speed with winter wind's rush,
When frost-stars it traces with ice-cold brush?
Though the sun with fierce glances these will pelt,
'Till silver-white spangles to tears will melt.

Why fleet with the motion of musical stars,
The still measured beat of their symphonic bars?
They thrill all nature with their glinting light,
When left by the sun in shadows of night.

And our lives fleet with you, O winged hours,
With winds' speed and stars' speed and moments'
 showers,
In Eternity's path, to your throbbing song,
While to the dear God our life's hours belong.

And with the Universe, O winged hours,
Your swift pulse-beats throb,—as these hearts of ours
With nature's heart, throb,—and the notes you prolong
In one grand, universal, harmonious song.

TO YOUTH.

O youth ! with hearts beating and throbbing
For the battle of life,
With your earnest longings to enter
Its arena of strife,
With bright hopes and strong faith that the future,
Your best wishes shall crown,
And good work bring you love and respect,
If it bring not renown.

Let your hearts with lofty ambition,
And high purpose be fired ;
With right and best way of attainment,
Let them ne'er become tired ;
But steadily onward and upward,
The way nobly pursue,
And let the goal waiting before you,
Be kept ever in view.

As stands in open field the young tree,
Exposed to every breeze,
Pointing its slender spire heavenward, grows,
Unheeding things like these,
And ever to higher room, reaching,
Spreads broad its roots below,
That the winds and storms it may buffet,
And by them, stronger grow.

And when reigns the frosty cold winter,
Firmly, and strong, and grand,
With its leafless and bare brown branches,
Fixed and alone it will stand,
And wait the hard chilly frost's melting,
By the warmth of young spring,
For the brighter fresh life renewal,
Spring's sun and soft airs bring.

So stand! O fair youth, in your young life,
And grow up to your aim,
Ever gaining in self-reliance,
Where naught your heart can maim;
In purity, lifting your standard,
Brilliant in its white glow,
Though your strife be hot like the summer,
Your rest, cold as the snow.

Climbing eagerly, hights of knowledge,
In youth's free-favored hour,
'Mid the treasure's searching, to find somewhat
Of its infinite power,
While your footseps, in ways of wisdom,
Move to its rhythmic rhyme,
Then your life, with truth and honor crowned,
Will be greatly sublime.

AH YUTE.

In the far Orient, The Flowery Land,
Where from India blow the west breezes bland ;
And cold wind, from the north-hills crowned with snow,
That morning's first sunbeams light with their glow.

Comes down with broad sweep through the flowery
vales,
And modifies heat with its cooling waves,
So that the sun, beaming down from the sky,
Does not with its rays, the earth, parch and dry.

But shines on a town of the almond-eyed race,
And smiles in, on Ah Yute's crowded birth-place :
Born not of the rich, and not of the great,
But among the poor of lowly estate.

Gentle and lovely, fair, meek and mild-eyed,
Her life to abuse and sorrow allied,
Sold by her mother, sold and sold again,
And sold for the need or the greed of gain.

Lost to her the love, the strongest of earth ;
Forever lost from the hour of her birth,
The sweet, all-denying, strong mother love,
Earth's type of Christ's great Sacrificial Love.

That mother love, that the nation makes great,
That lifts to the noblest of grand estate ;
Happy the child to this heritage born,
Who of nature's best rights cannot be shorn.

Sad lot for the mother, and sad for the child,
On whom this sweet love has ne'er beamed nor smiled,
Who never in the young life lisped the prayers,
That soothe, as the child climbs faith's golden stairs.

Drear in her birth-land, Ah Yute's life of dull pain,
On this far-away shore not greater the gain,
For cruel and harsh, with no manly grace,
Was he, who owned her, though of the same race.

'Till beaten and bruised, though young in her years,
In torture of pain she forgot her fears,
Eluding her guard she flees to the Home,
Where woman and child for safety may come.

And finds a shelter from all brutal harms,
In its protecting and fostering arms—
And here life opened with many a view,
To the gentle girl, pleasing, large and new.

Yet ne'er came back to her vigor of life,
So long and trying had been the fierce strife,
The glow sometimes seen, as if by a freak,
Was only the hectic bloom on her cheek.

But she had learned to live in the Christian way,
To sing sweet hymns, and had learned to pray
A pardon for sin; to trust and to love;
And through faith she rests with the Saviour above.

LINKS.

When thrushes have sung their evening song;
And night shades into deepening gloom,
I think of the fleeting wings of the day,
And its hours in fair sunny bloom.

How it flits away to the evening grey,
From the early moments of dawn,
Then rosy light and a long sunny noon,—
A red glow—and the day has gone.

So human life from its sweet rosy morn,
Glides ever as swiftly away,
Rich in the bright flow of the noontide glow,
In full bloom it may die as the day.

And the greatest life like day's glowing sun,
Will as steadily pass along,
Flashing its gifts like the sun's swift rays,—
Remembered like a sweet, sad song.

LIGHT.

Radiant streams of shivered beams,
And broad, wide-spread waves of light,
Conquering the retreating dark
And the deepest shades of night.

Mighty streams of the golden gleams,
Quivering rays of the sun,
Bringing beauty of life, from dust
Of the earth, dark-grey and dun.

Drawing life from roots through the stem,
To glow in blush on the rose,
Laying leaves o'er arms of the oak,
And tinting each flower that grows.

Each pulse-beat of human life throbs,
By force of these beaming rays ;
And life of all life on the earth,
It fills, and numbers its days.

Without light, no grass-blades nor leaves ;
No flowers will gracefully nod,
No life on the earth, in the air,
In waters, or under the sod.

Glorious, Immortal, Great Love,
Thou art the essence of Light !
Thou art life to each human soul—
O draw us up from earth's night.

Or like things that are shut from sun-rays
We shall droop and wilting lie,
In the deepest sadness and sorrow,
And darkness, alone to die.

MORN.

Morn resplendent with light,
 Serene, soft and clear,
O from whence do you come?
 If from some dark sphere,
 Why are you so fair?
You come in with the day,
 When it breaks from night,
On the quavering wings
 Of the lambent air,
And come with the glory
 Of soft golden light.

Do your starry rays form
 In the night's deep shades,
And hide, as the lightning
 Hides, in the storm clouds?
Do they procreate light,
 The night's starless hours?
Or can bright rays evolve
 From their lone deep dark,
To burst in such splendor
 With the song of the lark,
And then their fair glory
 To sift on the flowers?

So to us, do you come?
Or does it but seem,
That you come from the night's
Dark, wildering dream,

As the pride of the woods,
Or the plant shoots forth,
That has lain in the dark,
Through nights and through days,
In the lone, stilly deeps,
Of the dull brown earth,
To spread in the oak tree,
And rich field displays.

Or in majesty wait you
The move of the world,
To bless her as she needs,
With thy rays unfurled?

And change to clear splendor
Frost forms in her cold,
And burnish her green fields,
And flowers in the wold?

So grand and majestic,
Fixed, steady, and lone,
Great Love for us waits
On His pure white throne.

When to Love, which is Light,
Our dark hearts will turn,
Then its sweet thrilling rays
Will in through them burn,

And, as in sun-lit morn,
Days will then glide along
In light, as in the music
Of a rapturous song.

THE STORM.

All the day were sounds of wailing
Of the east and north-east wind;
In the sky gray clouds were sailing,
Glooming over lake and land.

As the daylight slowly faded,
There was silence in the air,
And the wailing wind retreated,
To its dark storm-brewing lair.

Now, the night grows dark and darker,
Curtains in the shining stars;
While the owlets in the hemlocks,
Hoot in plaintiveness their bars.

Back the wind comes in low moaning,
And we hear the sounds of rain,
With the weird-gusts loudly falling,
In a long unbroken chain.

Hour by hour the storm increases,
Fitfully the fierce wind raves—
It remorseless drives and surges,
As surge ocean's stormy waves.

The fire glows on the hearthstone,
In the common evening room,
While coldly sleep the flower buds,
In the outer evening gloom.

And the bleak storm, starry dashes
Drops against the window pane,
Sprays to slip down in streamlets,
In the silvery flowing chain.

When the scattered household gather,
In the room ablaze with light.
Then is felt the cheering contrast,
To the dark and stormy night.

And new sense of sweet home comfort
Creeps into each happy breast,
With new and heartfelt gratitude,
For their quiet, dear home nest.

Another night the bleak wind raged;—
All the day and night again,
Was dark with gray clouds and dreary,
In the rush or lull of rain.

The third morn broke in the splendor
And brightness of a new-made world,
In a shining golden beauty,
All its leaves of light unfurled.

Thus may heaven in its great glory,
Break on the vision of the blest,
When from life's storms and shadows,
They pass to its blissful rest.

DAY.

When in scented breath of the night's grey maze,
And in dew the red clover bathes,
When in silence soft, through the leaf-laden woods,
Drop from leaf-points the white dew beads,
When twittering sounds from some half-waked bird
Falls on the dreaming ear half-heard:—
Then, the day dawns.

When the mists float away like midnight dreams,
And red-lights through the grey air gleams :
When banners of gold abroad are unfurled,
And sun-rays thrill the sleeping world ;
When the greenwoods sing with the songs of birds,
And o'er hills wind the flocks and herds.
Then, wakes the morn.

When a clear white light fills the calm still hours,
And rose-stems flame with full-blown flowers :
When the lily lifts up her snow-white head,
And fragrance crowns the violet bed ;
When the fleet deer in the green forest glade,
Seeks the deep and cool leafy shade. .
Then, is the noon.

When home go the reapers with scythe and rake,
And bitterns boom from the sedgy lake;
When the clouds purple as vanishing beams,
Leave dark shadows o'er hills and streams:
And thrushes trill, from the spray o'er their nests,
'Till shadows deepen, and Nature rests:
Then, day is done.

GRANT.

OUR NATION'S HERO.

APRIL, 1885.

Our hero brave,—so cool and calm
In his strong mind; no weak alarm,
Nor any more apparent fear
Than in some charge of battle near.

Which his clear thought so wisely planned
That victory crowned his brave command,
Sees down life's path the coming foe
With footsteps sure, however slow.

A hero great in every plan,
Yet now reveals the greater man;
So brave to give decided blow,
That fells the last, his mortal foe.

Though it will bring no world's renown,
He gains a bright immortal crown;
Let victor's notes triumphant ring,
Death, now, has lost its power to sting.

The valiant soldier has obeyed
God's high command, so seeks the aid
Of teachings; prayers will help him lean
With stronger faith on God unseen,
So he may go with perfect trust
To his eternal, peaceful rest.

And, now, though few his numbered days,
The nation for the hero prays,
Owns his great deeds and feels them more,
As he draws near the stainless shore.
The greatest deeds of any time,
Like living coals 'neath ashy rime
While sleeping lay, forgotten seem,
Occasion breaks their quiet dream.

As opened coals flame up anew,
So bright, great deeds come up to view,
And vivid wake the many facts
Of our great hero's noblest acts;
While his well-loved and honored name
Will live, as lives our nation's fame.

GLADSTONE.

REFUSING THE TITLE OF EARL.

Not the title of earl with an earldom,
Or that of king with a crown,
Could add to the statesman's greatness,
Or to his well-earned renown.

He has lived for the honor of England,
And well has he done his part,
For the best good of the people,
With his strong and earnest heart.

And to her honor in all her strifes,
He has clung to humanity's side,
Would do what he saw to be right,
Not seeking to go with the tide.

Not to stifle the man is God's plan—
He grows by seeming defeat,
This alone oft shows to the world,
The one noble and truly great.

Not a title to honor his brow,
 For deeds that he has well done,—
 When a field spreads wide before him
 For conquest o'er wrong to be won.

Not this honor can star his greatness,—
 High is enthroned his loved name,
 In all the heart of Great Britain,
 And through the world honored fame.

No title to hinder or bind him,
 Who would lift man from the sod,
 To life useful, broad and higher,
 And lived to the honor of God.

Firm and brave as the oak of the woodland,
 May he through all his days stand,
 Working great good for his nation,
 The man so great and so grand.

Blest is the nation, and blest is the time,
 That has such men for their own ;
 Whom no art delusive can lead,
 From the plain right way to them known.

Men who hate all that is wrong and false,
But who love the right and true,—
Then error will tremble and fall,
Triumph of right will ensue.

SONNET.

TO A. M. H.

How pleasantly the days have flown,
Since your sweet friendship I have known ;
Kind interchange of thought and feeling,
Have ever been to me revealing,
Some lovelier picture in thy heart,
So void of guile, so free from art :
Thy gentle mien ; thy winning grace ;
Thy fair, serene, and open face,
But index in a feeble part
Thy beauty—wealth of mind and heart :
What I have well-esteemed before,
In thee, I love yet more, and more ;
Thy nobler inner-self doth hold,
The honor, homage of my soul.

THE BARTHOLDI STATUE.

OF LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.

The sons of Liberty-loving France to us bring,
Liberty's symbol in sculptured form ;
With her torch-light uplifted, on mid air to out-wing,
When night is starlit or dark in storm.

And the freedom through her braves, which she
helped us win,
From all peril would help us to hold,
Fair as a temple—to draw the world's races within,—
To stand while the ages unfold.

La belle France ! great in science and art, ever free
May you live, beneath your Fleur-de-lis ;
And we in freedom, 'neath the spread wings of our
eagle,
Long live, like our Sequoia's grand tree.

Like a colossal divinity, stands the statue,
Lifting her torch for mankind to see ;
So, may Liberty's light, ever onward its way pursue,
'Till all men are enlightened and free.

CATHEDRAL OF COLOGNE.

In the beautiful, the clear,
And the mild sweet-breathed morn,
When sunbeams vie with flowers
All fair things to adorn.

When the breezes are fresh.
And light the cool winds blow,
From off the fair water
Of the blue Rhine below.

Then in grandeur of state,
The vast pile of dull stone,
Spreads around and shoots up
Towards the sky's blue dome.

As a grandly-wrought poem,
Leaps from a poet's brain ;
With airy-light sweetness,
Sung in every strain.

Strength, and beauty, and grace,
By man's worshipful thought,
In this temple to God,
Are well fashioned and wrought.

It inspires us with love
And with reverent awe:
And our hearts unto God,
It seems ever to draw.

In the cool, fair morning,
It stands grand and alone,
This high massive temple
Of the pale heavy stone.

But when in the soft calm
Of the fair evening time,
The grand pile is flooded
With the clear, bright moonshine,

Then its fair beams silver,
The wreaths clustered, or lone,
Of the summer buds and flowers,
These rare "poems in stone,"

Which the poet designer
With taste esthetic,
Formed, and wove into songs
Of sweet "frozen music."

Then o'er-swept and transfused
With its soft and pale light,
It lifts a grand temple
Of bright silvery white.

And filigreed silver
Is both turret and spire :
And finial and point
Blaze in the moon's white fire.

While over the shadows,
Falls a shimmer of gold ;
From the spire down to base,
All in gossamer fold.

In grace of loveliness
It will ever remain ;
With the fine thoughts wrought in stone,
From a poet's brain.

Which illustrate the seasons,
Spring buds and June flowers,
Autumn's firs and bare branches,
In frost of winter hours.

From support of the wall,
And around the vast base,
To the turrets above
Is grandeur of space.

The carvings and the spires,
Large and slender and tall ;
The finials and crockets,
Grace of beauty o'er all.

And beauty transcendent,
Glorified, unreal ;
Matter spiritualized,
Pure and ethereal.

NOTE.—“In the Gothic Cathedral at Cologne the architect and poet, for the designer was both, attempted to illustrate the seasons with their variety of vegetation, by stony buds and flowers.”

BALDER.

THE SCANDINAVIAN'S GOD OF THE WOODS—A MYTH ;
REPRESENTS KNOWLEDGE AND WISDOM.

In the land of Thor and Odin,
Where the winter nights are long,
Where the fair moon and twinkling stars,
Glow in white light, clear and strong.

Where Aurora paints her colors,
With the richest of rich dyes,
On the cold snow upon the ground
And in deep vault of the skies.

Where she shoots her dyes in turrets,
Or binds them in loop and bow,
Or drops rainbow colored curtains
From the zenith to the snow.

O'er firs and pines iced and frosted,
Throws her colors rich and rare ;
Or like forests of pure crystals
They stand sparkling in the air.

Where the stillness reigns unbroken,—
And no stirring airy sound;
Save, by sledge of a lone traveler,
As his reindeer flies the ground.

Or when the sun in climbing highest,
Makes the shortest summer time,
With soft airs and rippling waters,
And the green-woods in their prime.

'Tis then Balder's reign is pleasing,
Then the people like him best;
He seems loving, nearer to them,
So, they heed his rule with zest.

A single eye has their wood-king,—
We walk the straight path to be good,—
They revere him in cold splendor,
Love him in summer's milder mood.

Are heights of knowledge like winter,
So lone, so still, and so cold,
Though bright as tints of Aurora
And sparkling as winter's wold?

Is wisdom like deep flowing streams,
And glow of summer's warm moods,
With perfume of the sweet flowers
And breath of summer's green-woods?

Or does winter with frosty splendor,
And the warm summer combined,
Sweet in her flowery glory—
Emblem the Infinite mind?

OF THE SEASONS.

Faintly in color does spring unfold ;
Autumn flushes with crimson and gold ;
Summer folds the fields and woods in green,
And winter spreads snow in silvery sheen.

Spring flashes the showers through gilded rays,
As leaves are scattered in autumn days,
Summer sprinkles with flowers the grassy bed,
Winter's sun glories on white snow shed.

Spring gushes with song of birds and brooks,
And autumn glows with beauteous looks,
Summer thrills with the joys the warm sun brings,
And winter's wind-whistle through the pine wood rings

Spring fresh in newness of life is sweet,
Autumn is with abundance replete ;
Summer's rich greenness and flowery bloom,
The winter will chill with frosty doom.

Thus circling seasons ever unfold,
Coming with new, going out with old,
Beginning and ending throughout all time,
Singing along as a sacred chime.

BRIGHT AND FAIR.

The bright color-glow, that streams o'er the hills,
In the dewy and rose-tinted dawn,
Painting the sky and clouds, lakes, rivers and rills,
Melts into the sun-gilding morn.

Morn sweet with the buds of opening flowers,
And breezes that through the woods play,
Song of bird and stream, of new life in the hours,
All mingle their sweets in the day.

So, fair, pure and sweet, as a rare gem comes,—
And brighter than the rosiest dawn,—
Child-life to the world of our human homes,—
A breath from the portals of heaven.

And there gleam the soft rays of its glory,
In the bright dimpled face of the child,
As in dream of some phase of its story,
When the eyes beam benignant and mild.

Rays that fuse into the free joyous hours,
Which hallow the best days of youth,
Exuberance, softens, as dew on the flowers—
A halo to grace their gay mirth.

From life's dawn, through its morn and its noontime,
Filled with hopes, that drive away tears ;
The bright sweetness of joy like the sunshine—
All mingle and melt in the years.

As the sun gives the varied rich beauty,
And bright charm to the hours and days,
So, love to our life gives grace to each change ;
In it, is all delight of life's joys.

EDELWEISS.

Far up the Alpine mountains, bold and high,
That gleam frosty white against the blue sky,
May be found 'mid treacherous snow and ice,
This delicate flower, the fair edelweiss.

Or on the beetling crag, 'neath hanging rock,
Where the traveller's trusty Alpenstock,
Safely guides him over the ice and snow,
While he blinds his eyes to the depths below.

O'er the yawning chasm and the ice-crowned ledge,
Or hanging over the precipice's edge,
Where snow 'neath the sun is a flood of light,
Blooms this tender flower in its spotless white.

As pure as the mountain's pure snow and ice,
And fair as the light glows the edelweiss,
As delicate as the anemone's flower,
It lives its brief life in an icy bower.

In its fragile beauty of breathing life,
Far towards the sky from this world of strife,
It seems, enrobed in immaculate white,
Like a spirit strayed from the realms of light.

And purity's type, is the edelweiss,
Blooming fair and pure surrounded by ice ;
So, howe'er cold the world, the heaven-bound soul,
Mounts ever towards its stainless goal.

O SWALLOWS.

The long-fringed leaves of maple red
Hang light upon the trees,—
O fleet winged swallows,—
O'er the mossy violet bed
And swinging in the breeze,
In wood and hollows.

The willow's flossy tassels gray
Hang o'er the meadow brook,
O swallows, swallows,
The wind-flower and the cowslip gay
Star many a hidden nook,
In shady hollows.

The white syringa by the well,
And lilac's purple flowers,—
Blithe, cheery swallows,
On the wet grass where night dew fell,—
Drop down in fragrant showers,
In grassy hollows.

The robins came in early spring,
To cheer with welcome sound,
O swallows, swallows.

In tree-tops bare around to sing
When cold were winds, and ground,
Upland and hollows,

Come, mend your nests beneath the eaves ;
The clay is soft with showers,
O merry swallows,
The edges are dented in caves ;
And fields are gay with flowers,
The hills and hollows.

Or, a new nest build this year,
Safe under the house-roof wing,
Blithe, breezy swallows,
There to twitter your merry cheer,
Let robins on the trees sing,
Sweet songs o'er hollows.

Come, swallows, come, come now, when May
Is in her wealth of bloom,
O trusting swallows,
And by our homesteads with us stay,
'Till frost and cold have come,
Come, come blithe swallows.

THE ZEPHYRS.

Softly leaving dreamy greenwoods,
 Floating out in rosy dawn,
Waving round the higher hill-tops,
 Ushering in the golden morn.

Waving gently down the highlands,
 Playing with the morning rays,
Waving o'er the grassy uplands
 And o'er the rosy clover plays.

Floating o'er the dewy meadows,
 White mist wreathing up in play,
'Till the fairy sunbeams hiding,
 Bear it all unseen away.

O'er the gardens bright with roses,
 O'er the lowly violet's bed ;
Scent the fragrance, gather perfume,
 Waft it freely overhead.

As o'er seas they play with waters ;
Play o'er fields of tender grain,
'Till the leaves of young corn growing,
Wave, as waves the mighty main.

Deep in the forest, gentle breezes,
In their frolic, hold light sway ;
But in winds more mighty forces
Hiding, with them lightly play.

'Till the rosy evening sunbeams
Melt into the twilight gray,
Then, with winds and rustling breezes,
In deep shadows hide away.

Gentle zephyrs, sweet breath fanning
Flower-buds to fairest bloom—
So the soft and sweet-breathed love-tones,
Waken hearts from doubt and gloom.

SWEET-BRIER ROSE.

With April come the silver showers,
Which hurry up the early flowers,
Fling drops on grasses, like the dew
With golden sunshine sifted through.

The crocus and the daffodil,
Their sunny place in gardens fill ;
And through the pastures, green and wide,
The rippling waters singing glide.

In dewy May's soft, sunny noons,
Are orchards white with apple blooms ;
And sweet syringa by the wall,
With purple lilacs, lithe and tall.

And in the early summer time
When sweetest flowers are in their prime ;—
When fostered roses, rich and rare,
Pour fragrance out, on summer air.

“Lily of the valley” in the dells,
Hangs out its snow-white perfumed bells ;—
On hedges by the highway glows
The hawthorne and the fair wild rose.

Among the brambles by the way,
Or up, on the hillsides, far away,
Is this sweet small-leaved thorn-bush found,
Brightest of all the green around :

The glossy perfumed leaves amid,
A bright small rose looks up, half hid ;
Petels, with blush of rosy dawn,
Leaves, sweet as air of summer's morn.

As on their way to school, they run,
Here, children in the morning come ;
And gather sprigs with dainty flowers
To please them, in the school time hours.

O lovely little bright-eyed rose,
That, on sweet brier, buds and grows :
To me a breath you seem to bring,
Of all the sweetest flowers of spring.

HARVEST TIME.

O days of pearly and purpling haze,
When saphire and topaz gleam in the maze ;
And in the dreamy, soft, ambient air,
Spreads burnished nature transcendently fair.

The woods are gilded with orange and gold,
And crimsoning patches lie in their fold,
'Mid larches and spruce and evergreen pines,
O'er brambles and tangles of running vines.

The sky partridge whirs o'er the crisp brown leaves.
And ripened nuts fall from the branching trees.—
On the streamlet flashes glints from the sun,
And squirrels over the beechen trees run.

In the harvest field stand the golden sheaves,
And the spider his web on dried grass weaves ;—
When down the west hangs the new moon's horn,
The rabbits gather the scattered corn.

The willows bend low in the dreamy air
By the silvery lake in beauty fair;
And the maples burn in this pearly light
As saphire flashes through the opal's white.

FROST.

O cold winter morn! a splendor of frost
Clings to thee, as though by the tempest tost,
From billowy waves of the frost-fraught air,
That grim Boreas breathes from his icy lair,
Silvering the shrubs, till a silvery show,
Are forests and groves in the pale sun's glow.

Out from the still cold north he lightly breathes
On the window pane a forest of leaves,
And traces among them silvery flowers,
That star-like grow in the night's star-lit hours.

And silvery sprays 'till in pure white rays,
Of silvery splendor the frost world bathes,
Silvering light in the bright star gleams,
And silvering white in the moon's pale beams.

And cold as the lakelet's cold sheets of ice,
Yet it melts away in a flitting trice,
When the sun shines warm with a beaming grace
That slowly melts ice on the lakelet's face.

So, the robes of ice in which the cold world
Has bound human hearts, or its frost impeared,
Love will by its warm glory-beams of gold
Melt from them the frost and the chill ice-fold.

THE SLEIGH RIDE.

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
Sweet silvery sleigh-bells,
Jingle, jingle, jingle,
Your silvery sweet swells.

The rain came down
On the new-fallen snow,
That covered the wild forest trees ;
Silvery and long,
Icicles were formed,
By the quiet and frosty breeze.

So, in the clear air,
When bright morning broke
Over the fields, woods and the hills ;
Sunbeams sparkled,
In crystals and beads,
Covering land, lakes, and the rills.

From points hang pendants,
All lines are fringed :—
The trees are glowing in beauty.
Not with spring buds,
Nor with June's green leaves,
But with glassy white icicles.

Along the road
That winds through the wood,
Young birches meet over the way ;
Forming an arch
Of brilliant white gems,
Which in gentle breeze flash and sway.

Silvery white
And sparkling in light,
Are forests, with diamonds and crystals ;
In starry form,
To please and adorn,
Pine-tree bowers, for fairy festals.

Nature dazzling bright,
Flashing in white,
And its beauty spreads wide around ;

Wherever we look,
Above, on all sides,
And its brightness carpets the ground.

Speak as we may,
Of comforts and sweets,
Which are found in a milder zone,
Where frost lightly comes,
And snow rarely falls,
And cold winter is never known.

Of the fruits and flowers,
Soft airs and showers,
Where life to us is a sweet bliss ;
Yet, there's no sweeter,
No purer pleasure
Than a sleigh-ride in morning like this.

So, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
Sweet silvery sleigh bells,
Jingle, jingle, jingle,
Your silvery sweet swells.

A SUNSET ON LAKE WIN- NIPISSEOGEE.

Like a gem among the mountains,
Of this fair New England state,
Where the tall peaks climb the highest,
Lies this sea-like glassy lake.

With small green islands dotted,
And numbering one by one,
Each for a day of the year,
And will be as new years come.

And the greenest of green mountains
Climb around the border line ;
Their steep, broad sides, thickly covered
With the hemlock, spruce and pine.

“It is Lake Winnipissecgee,”
Calls the Indian in his tongue ;
But the “Smile of the Great Spirit,”
Is translated in my song.

It is a summer's evening;
The morning was warm and fine;—
But in the noonday summer showers
Rushed down all the mountain line.

And on the long mountain ranges,
That fringe down the water's edge,
Lay the storm-clouds, in their darkness,
Walling us in like a hedge.

But as our boat sails outward,
Heading toward the western shore;
Light is sifting through the cloud-rifts.
And the rain-drops fall no more.

Now the dark storm-clouds drift apart,
And the dazzling sun comes out,
Like a sparkling golden-red ball,
Scattering splendors all about.

And the clouds in brilliant red-glow
Mass in mazy dome and tower;
And the lake is a glowing flame,
Like a sea of liquid fire.

And up the broad sides of Belknap,
Clouds on clouds of vapor rise
As though here some small volcanoes
Were preparing a surprise.

And soon, from each tiny sharp peak,
Rolls up their steamy vapor;
As smoke and ashes might steam up,
From out a burning crater.

And from each point on mountain side,
Steeped in crimson sunset light,
Flooding, in its flaming glory,
Wide-spread lake and mountain height.

But away, where the Ossipees
Touch the margin of the lake,
There lies a deep purple blackness,
Darker than the shadows make.

That threatens with its gathered gloom,
A fierce storm of wind and rain;
Where might play the swift forked lightning
O'er mountain height and water-plain.

And stealing o'er the roseate sky,
Shut without its glory light;
To shroud us in a blackening gloom,
More baleful than the gloom of night.

O the splendor of this sunset scene !
The strange contrast, uneffaced,
Will remain on memory's tablet ;
It can never be erased.

THE BROOK.

Glints and sparkles in the sunbeams,
Curls and dimples in the breeze,
And warbles o'er its rocky bed
Beneath the shady trees.

Runs and wimples through the pastures,
Where tender lambs come and drink,
Beneath the graceful drooping willows
Cool, where the shadows blink.

Silvery spreading through the alders,
Sinks in many a little pool,
Where the darting glossy minnows
Play till sun-warmed waters cool.

Swiftly glides through fields and orchards,—
When it meets a rippling burn;
Then in mad and merry frolic
Runs amid brakes and fern.

Under oaks and curly maples,
Flows still and deep through the lea,
Flows in sweet and softer music,
Ever downward to the sea.

And we love the bright brook's sweet music,
As it ripples in peace away;
And this tender and loving lesson,
It teaches us day by day.

A spirit of gladness to cherish,
Through sunshine of life, and its shade;
And meet all in sweet calm and delight,
God has in love for us made.

Then our life will flow on like the brook,
A beauty of light the way long;
That will please and cheer with a brightness,
As sweet as a rhythmic song.

THE MAY FLOWER.

NEW ENGLAND'S SNOW-FLOWER.

Under the glistening pure white snow,
Fairest of all spring flowers it grows,
On the arbutus' trailing green vines,
O'er brown needles beneath the pines.

Fair as the lily's snow-white bells,
Tinted as ocean's pink-tinted shells ;
The faintest blush on its petals white,
Painted with rays of morning light.

Budding and blooming in moss-like bed,
In soft faint light through snow roof shed,
Amid green leaves in a snowy bloom,
Scenting the low, fairy-like room.

Spring's loud wind-whistle among the trees,
Sways it no more than the lightest breeze ;
And howe'er the wild storm's rage and beat,
It sheltered waits in its warm retreat,

A peep at the sky, looking up to light,
When the spring-day is fair and bright;
And the warm south wind with April showers,
Melt the snow-roof from o'er the flowers.

O lovely snow-flower with fragrance sweet !
We welcome you ; and gladly greet,
As to us you come a new surprise,
With each young spring-time's soft blue skies.

MEADOWS SWEET.

Meadows sweet with the wild flowers bright,
Meadows sweet with daisies white,
So sweetly fresh, and Oh, so fair!
In the pure and soft morning air.

Meadows sweet with the pearly dew,
Starred with the grass-flowers' eyes of blue;
Sweet with the glossy, growing corn,
In dewy freshness of the morn.

Meadows sweet with the new-mown hay,
That in green waves on hillsides lay;
Cut with the dew on red-top plumes,
It sweeps the air with rich perfumes.

Meadows sweet where the breezes roam,
Among the flowers where wild bees hum;
Fragrance bearing through farm-house rooms,
From roses wild and clover blooms.

Meadows sweet with the song of birds,
With distant lowing of the herds ;—
Sweet with the fragrant apple blooms,
When May sends forth her rare perfumes.

Meadows sweet, and Oh, so fair !
Meadows fresh in the morning air ;
So sweet, so fresh and fair is youth,
With grace of purity and truth.

UP RED HILL.

The air was clear, cool and bracing,
With spicing of early frost;
And the late fair summer greenness,
Was in glowing color lost.

When up a steep path and narrow,
Through a leafy wonder, wide
Spreading in a crimson brightness;
We climbed the quaint mountain side.

Up through the scrub oak and maple,
Glowing in a brilliant flame;
And from this bright autumnal color,
The red mountain takes its name.

And winding up the long pathway,
Through openings in the trees,
Gleamed marvels of dazzling beauty,
As if borne upon the breeze.

In the morning we were merry,
Which was with rare beauty rife ;
And through our hearts then went bounding,
A glad feeling of new life.

When we stood upon the summit,
And the wide-spread grandeur saw,
Our merry spirits soon were lost,
In deep and reverent awe.

We stepped on altar-stones the highest,
As when heart with scene accords,
We then give our thoughts expression
In a song of holy words.

And our voices lifting upward,
We made all the near points ring ;
With loud praises to our Father,
The Author of everything.

The distant sweep of the horizon,
As far as the eye could see,
Was walled with a chain of mountains,—
To our vision seemed to be.

East, glowed the long and wide-spread lake,
"The Smile of the Great Spirit,"
While along the west gleamed one, that
Its charms and grace inherit.

New England's fair village homes,
Nestle near meadows, woods and hills,
With the sunny-bright laughing brooks,
And the little rippling rills.

Steaming peaks, like live volcanoes,
When from clouds fall summer showers ;
Silvery cascades, roaring waters,
Where grew in beauty summer flowers.

Sunny brightness, deepening shadows,
O'er the woods of spruce and pine,
That spread o'er the steep and broad sides,
And down the near mountains' line.

Sylvan shades and dreamy greenwoods,
Long and wide-spread silvering lakes,
Bold white face Mt.,—eagle's eyry,—
Purling streams and meadow brooks,

Are o'er-sprinkled and repeated,
In beauty, through all the space ;
As, varied the views and lovely,
That the far blue heights embrace.

And will live comingling, blending,
Down the years advancing line,
All these, nature's fairest beauties,
With the loveliest things of time.

ROBIN RED-BREAST.

You have come, my robin red-breast,
This bright February morn ;
You are calling from the tree-top,
Ere the day is fairly born.

On the ground the snow is lying :
While the tree-tops, bare and brown,
Their light shadows, now, are throwing
O'er the garden and the lawn.

But you never heed the snow-drifts,
For you know they will not stay ;
'Neath the touch of spring's warm sunshine,
They will melt and float away.

O my robin, cheery robin !
We do gladly welcome you ;
Though we know the storms will gather,
While you wait the summer-dew.

But your home is in the pine-tree,
Snugly nestled from all harm;
While the snow lies on the branches,
Keeping you so snug and warm.

And you'll sing throughout the morning,
While the sun shines bright and clear,
All adown through groves of maples
We shall hear your merry cheer.

But I do not hear your clear notes,
In this town upon the hills;
Howe'er I list, your song only,
Now, through my memory thrills.

O my robin, breezy robin!
You I miss with sweetest things,
That around my young life clustered,
In the brightest of all springs.

THE ORIOLE.

Sitting by my chamber window,
This evening in the early May;
I close the book that I am reading,
And rest me in the waning day.

And I watch the snow-flakes falling,
Softly down in feathery showers,
O'er the greensward of my garden,
Mingling with the opening flowers.

Nestling down among the grass blades,
As the hurrying fairies might.
Homeward hasten, by the moonbeams,
To find their bowers before the light.

And falling on my cherry tree,
Now covered o'er with pure white flowers,
Falling, in among the branches,
Falling, in the day's fading hours.

Looking at the tree's fair beauty,—

On a branch by the window near,
I behold a golden song-bird,
That now of me can have no fear.

For it came, while I was reading—

And with head tucked beneath its wing,
It will, till the dawn of morning
Here, on the lithe bough sleep and swing.

And, so near my hand can reach it,

It clings a little golden ball ;
Golden in the waning twilight,
And golden through the snow-flakes' fall.

So, softly fall in fleecy lightness—

No chill can come—it seems to know,
That on the tree by snow-flakes melting,
There will more cherries form and grow.

Little, trusting, gold-winged birdling,

Here on the lithe branch firmly cling,
Dainty formed, and sweet voiced singer,
Until the daylight sleep and swing.

For your trusting do I love you,
All your sweet notes love to hear;
Silvery whistle—silvery warble—
All your song-notes so silvery clear.

Love you, for your faith and wisdom,
And love you, when on wing you soar;—
So, when our faith looks up to Him,
Does not our Father love us more?

THE SUMMER DAWN.

Oh to wake, when the shades of night fade,
And the stars of the morning pale,
To see the early dawn's roseate light,
The morning sky's loveliest veil.

See the flush of the rosy hue spread,
As pales the gleam of the last ray,
Of that glowing and beautiful star,
That heralds the incoming day.

See the rosy tints brightest that spread
On the face of the clear glassy lake,
As lay love's dimpled and rosy-sweet smile
In blushes on beauty's fair cheek.

See, down slopes of the long western hills,
Rainbows arch in dew on ripe grain,
And in drops on the green growing grass,
That cover the fields and the plain.

See, the faintest of rosy tints rest,
Ere in golden-rays they are lost,
On the dewy and low misty meads,
That in pale light, are white as the frost.

See, around these, the dreamy greenwoods,
And where on a tree's outer limb,
Swings a robin red-breast, and singing
Tunefully, his sweet morning hymn.

Then, the sweet fair day will be brighter,
With these pictures enstamped on the brain ;
And the heart will be loving and stronger,
For these, and the robin's sweet strain.

SONG OF THE RILL.

I am a little rippling rill !
From 'neath the roots of sweet-pine,
I came out with a bubbling spring,
To sparkle in the sunshine.

I ripple down between the rocks,
And under beachen shadows,
I laugh and sing with fair young spring,
And play with lithe young willows.

They pelt me with their flossy blooms,
And flutter with my kisses,
I float them to a sunny nook,
And leave them with the grasses.

I glide around where laurel shrubs
Bend low their blooming branches,
That hide me from the golden sun,
'Neath flowers in snowy masses.

The sparrows come and dip their wings,
In still and sunwarmed edges,
Where I bend round and slowly move,
Among the ferns and sedges.

I list to hear the linnet sing,
His song of spring-time raptures,
And ripple out my little song,
Through green and sunny pastures.

I run to meet the laughing brook,
And add one shining billow,
To swell the chorus of its song,
Down through the flowery meadow.

In all its bright and shining way,
I'll mingle with it ever ;
And with its sweetest song I'll sing
My little song forever.

A SUMMER NIGHT.

The moonbeams fall on my garden walks,
And cast long shadows of my lily stalks ;
And silver my box with a dewy shower,
More silvery white than my lily flower.

The great stars move on, with solemn tread
In the deepening arch above my head ;
Their steps as they move in musical chime,
Beat with the life-pulse of passing time.

The cuckoo, in tree that hangs o'er the wall,
Sings his little notes, so sweet to all ;
While down in the woodland, so drear and lone,
I hear the whip-poor-wills wailing tone.

And through the bird-notes, there interweaves,
The whispering low of the aspen leaves,
In graceful trees near my garden bed ;—
While my fair lilies sweet fragrance shed.

And I hear sweet voices, cadenced low,
Of youth and maiden, beneath the row
Of elms and maples, adown the street;—
Their rippling laughter and tripping feet.

O'er the river, beyond, there hangs a veil,
But its waves are flecked with gleaming sail;
And music of flutes o'er its waters stray
Like tones escaped from a seraph's lay.

Soul-rapt with thy beauty, so fair and sweet,
Each low-breathing tone with music replete;
Entranced with thy tenderness, summer night,
I'd linger for aye, in this dream of delight.

THE MOUNTAIN MAID.

Fair as the anemone, that grows with the moss,
On knolls by the maples and pines,
Or the sweet May flower that blushes and spreads
Through the copse on long trailing vines.

Pure as the white dove that coos on the roof,
Or the lambs that frisk on the hills;
Her eyes beam with light, as clear and as bright,
As sun-rays that silver the rills.

Free, as the birds, on the wild mountain heights,
Or the deer, when it starts in a race,
Her step is as light, as firm, and as sure,
With motions of sweet girlish grace.

Airy as the humming-bird's flutter of wings,
When the sweet he sips from the flower,
And light as the lilt of the robin, when crumbs
Are thrown to it from the house door.

A heart overflowing with sweet, tender love,
For all the pure things on these heights,
And something, it may be, of mild pity,
For those who know not such delights.

CHILD AND BLOSSOMS.

Snowy billows of sweet apple blooms,
Snowy as the ocean's wave-crested plumes ;
Softly rose-tinted are the snowy swells,
As softly rose-tinted as the ocean's shells.

Deep, 'mid the masses of the snowy blooms,
The gold robin sings his flute-like tunes,
Sings cheery among the white fragrant flowers,
Sings cheery when petals fall down in showers.

And snowy the clouds in the sunbeams fair,
Floating away in the ambient air,
Like the wings of light in the azure blue,
In radiant gleams of a golden hue.

Under a tree, 'mid the rosy-white blooms,
Wind-blown in tiny white feathery dunes,
Like a roll of flowers in a snowy heap,
A little child lies in a rosy sleep.

Out, in the radiant sweet spring noon's glow,
Under the apple tree white like the snow,
The little one strayed from the farm-house rooms
At the beckoning flush of the fairy blooms.

Sunny head pillow'd on the flower strown grass,
Sweet buds and blossoms each chubby hand clasps,
The bird above her sings 'mid the perfume,
But she sees not flowers, nor hears his sweet tune.

Golden curls lie by the soft rosy cheek,
Nestled, as the bird in the flowery deep—
Sweet is the robin and the blooming bowers,
But sweeter the child 'mid the fallen flowers.

THE RIDE,

Fresh is the morning and fair,
Balmy and soft is the air,
As in, through the greenwood we go :
Through sweet ferns and the rushes,
Through the fragrant spice bushes,
Where the wild rose and sweet-brier grow.

Hard-hack in its pink outvies
Glow of the clear morning skies,
And fills our senses with fresh delight,
While the smiling white daisies,
Now unite in their praises
For this morning's glorious light.

The rays of the bright June sun,
In quivering pencils run,
Where glossy the checkerberry twines ;
Here a moment one tarries,
Over the bright red berries,
Of the small leafed evergreen vines.

We ride where the sunbeams shower,
Silvered shafts on shrub and flower,
Down the hill and across the stream,
That with music merry follows
All the deep and shady hollows,
Like a swift, bewildering dream

Oh, our hearts are glad and gay,
In the freshness of this day ;
And as happy, as when on wings,—
The sweet viewless air cleaving,
All beautiful things leaving,—
Is the lark, when he soars and sings.

Now adown a shady glen,
Afar from the homes of men,
Our winding stream has coursed around,
Flower-fringed bank shelving steeply,
Bright waters running deeply—
But we bridge it all with a bound.

'Till its sparkling wavelets play
In the meadow, far away,
Where tufted reeds and sedges throng,
Then around the orchard bending,
Its music sweetly blending
With the meadow-lark's morning song.

Now through a deeper green shade,
And over a varied grade,
Of green hills and hollows we ride ;
Dew, glints bright on the bushes,
On the ferns and the rushes,
That glistening fringe the wayside.

Now fleetly we dash away,—
Our exercise gleeful play,—
Over the green and flowery mound ;
And like the wild deer racing,
We, each other are chasing
Over the hills and level ground.

By the rocky fells, flashing,
Through the leafy dells, dashing,
Over the dewy, mossy mold,
Then out from darkening shadows,
Into the sunny meadows,
Glimmering with buttercups' gold.

Now gladly we draw the rein
In the cooling shade again,
Of the elm-tree's wide-spreading arms :
Beauty around us streaming ;
Nature in gladness beaming ;
Thrill us with delight in her charms.

THE BETROTHEL.

O that fairest golden morn,
From its dewy, rosy dawn,
Through all that by-gone happy day !—
 O the love our hearts that filled,
 And the joy with which they thrilled,
In all that flower-sweet month of May !

Robins sang their sweetest tunes,
Hid 'in crowds of apple blooms,
When we to each our love vows made ;
 The world to us was glad and bright,
 We viewed it all through love's sweet light ;
Ah, then we had no dream of shade.

Joy gushed from the linnet's throat,
Joy the breezes lute-strings smote,
In that sweetest of all life's days ;
 Smiles fell from the soft blue sky,
 To kiss the half-hid flowerets shy,
All in the tenderest amber haze.

So, did airy harp-strings swing
Down the leaves, and trembling sing,
In softest songs, as it was meet,
All in joyous ecstacies,
Triumph of earth's rhapsodies :—
Equal love make our lives complete.

Fairest light streamed down the hills,
Shimmered brightening on the rills :—
The heavens were rounded in the lake,
Our love rounded in one soul,
In one undivided whole,
So firm, entire, it could not break.

Love's sweet vows our voices sealed,
Vows that ne'er could be repealed,
Such faith in its security ;
Time has no power to sever ;
Love is born to live forever ;
Lives and blooms in Eternity.

ACCUMULATION.

On the grey rocks the lichens grow;
Clinging lichens, and the moss
That every year new layers make,
From the sea-surf's gain or loss.

Up the white sands the breakers roll,
Leaving kelp and tinted shells;
And summer's sun and winter's rain
In whitening drifts the story tells.

The grasses on the upland grow,
And o'er the broadening range
Are sprinkled in the blooming flowers
With never varying change.

But, night by night, the white dew falls,
And the summer rain comes down,
And forms a coating soft and new
Of the dun, or yellow brown.

In the hollows, gathered and heaped,
Lie the leaves of autumn time,
Like the rushes, the reeds and ferns,
Are covered with hoary rime.

Thus with a close and jealous care
That no matter may be lost,
All that which summer suns bring forth
Is held by the rain and frost.

And so kind nature garners up,
Through the years as they go by,
All the strength of all her forces,
The coming years to supply.

So, through all ages, man has learned
Nature's thrift; and with no fear,
At harvest time he stores his seed,
For seed-time of the coming year.

That from his acres, he may reap,
And with the increase fill his bin,
Trusting, that through all coming years,
It will be, as it has been.

So, in their nature, all the things
That God has made, themselves repeat;
All the sowing, growing, moulding,
With their fullness is replete.

And a surplus will ere be found,—
Ever in advance of time,
While moving onward are all things,
In a quaint and rhythmic rhyme.

THE LADY.

“A woman well bred,”
Who fills well her place,
And holds the respect of us all,
Has ever kind ways,
And a pleasing grace,
As is needed for every call.

A woman well learned
In best things of life,
Not only of manner but art;
Her acts are all kind,
And her ways are rife
With the grace of love in her heart.

To all she is true,
Is steadfast to right,
Seeks ever best good of the whole;
And wins through the grace
Of love in her face,
That marks her noble, pure soul.

ARTISTS.

Nature's true and great delineators,
Poets, musicians, sculptors and painters,
While yet, they climb for some great ideal,
They lift us to the best and true real,
Loving to passion, living in her heart,
They give the world the best they can in art.

They imitate the best, that in nature lies ;
Round her their imagination greater plays ;
And while strictly bound to her form and order
And related, they wing their flight beyond her.

But bounds, has reason and thoughts in their flow ;
As bound and limit, has rain and the snow ;
Only the poet can bring a golden ray,
Bright from the court of heaven to charm his lay ;
He to us is near, who in love sublime
Lives in her Author, the great Love Divine.

THE PAINTER.

Though he would melt rainbows for sunsets,
And tone colors to its bright warm dyes ;
And the lightning in white stars shiver
To blaze bright in his night's inky skies.

For his storms black rolling clouds gather,
To meet and in loud thunder to break,
When bird and beast hide in fear trembling,
And mountains from under pile black.

We shrink from the fearful and startling ;—
As fierce storms that pile wrecks on the strand—
For, ever the graceful and pleasing,
Must lay a soft veil o'er the grand.

His morning should break in great splendor,
Of light brilliant, to sift through the air,
With glory to glint and to quaver,
When in sunbeams smile all the world fair.

Then let him the shades tone and color,
To the fairest and most lovely things,—
As glow of the day and haze dreamy,
That with the breath of the wind take wings.

This airy enveloping pleases,
And softens the bright light in his scenes,
Takes from light the glare, and subdues it,—
We weary of only bright gleams.

PICTURES.

While wrapped in a dream of long by-gone days,
I see far up the still flow of time,
And the pictures, sketched from the shifting scenes,
Blend in a tender musical rhyme.

There are dewy meads and the grassy hills,
Melting in the morn's soft haze away ;
And sombre wildwoods, and bright rippling brooks,
Where the golden-rod and aster stray.

There are flowery hills, and silvery lakes,
When the morning sunbeams rain their light ;
The silvery moon and the watching stars,
That glorify the soft, stilly night.

I see a long path through the shady woods,
Leaf strown, where light little footsteps stray ;
The white sandy shore of a greenwood lake,
Where little hands with pebbles play.

I see the paternal, dearly loved home,
And the wide sunny, sloping green lawn,
And the large, plane trees where the shadows hide
In rosy glow of the dewy dawn.

I gather the tasseled buttons, that fall
Down on the soft green clover-flecked grass,
And think of the long year, through which they hung
On the bare branch, or 'mid leafy mass.

I see the deep well, with the bucket brown,
The graceful curve of the swinging sweep,
And drink of the water so crystal clear,
From the still depths of its fountains deep.

And I wander the well filled garden o'er,
In dewy hush of the morning red,
And see the many hued flowers and vines,
And the rose bush bending o'er its bed.

The spacious barn, with its open doors,
Fragrant with hay in the summer-time,
Where the flocks and herds are warmed and fed,
When winter comes with its frosty rime.

The tall trees that by the long wall stand,
And the apple orchard blooming fair,
Where linnets, robins and sparrows sing,
Amid the white bloom in fragrant air.

I see around these, long and widely spread,
The meadows with daisies all ablaze ;
The grassy uplands, the corn and clover,
And broad pastures where the cattle graze.

Fair the near scene, and the surroundings,
The nodding grasses and waving grain,
Distant woodlands, that from the winds shelter,
The tender orchis and low sweet fern.

The logn mountains that hide the blue, blue sea,
Towering high against the rosy dawn,
The wooded swells and the steep rocky heights
That purple beneath the new moon's horn.

And dear is every hill and level,
Rock, shrub and tree, that over them fill,
The red sumac and the flaming alders,
And every warbling brook and rill.

Yet sweeter and dearer, O far to me,
Is the ever-changing self-same group
Of children, gay among fair spring flowers,
Or amid the autumn leaves and fruit.

I see the father well pleased to listen,
As they, merry voice some new delight,
The dear and tenderly loving mother,
Whose smile to them is life's rosiest light.

O sweetly fair scenes, ye glow in the light,
That burns undimmed in memory's halls,
Ye glow, and the pictures are sacred held,
That hang in love-light on her walls.

Loved pictures of the sweet halcyon days,
When summers were long and the hours low;
O how throbs my heart while gazing on you!
How bright in memory still, ye glow.

THE NEW YEAR.

Hail! all hail to the glad New Year!

Hail to it with sweet sounds of cheer;

 Ring in the sweet chorus

 Of gladness before us;

 Ring it loud; ring it clear;

 Ring it everywhere,

There is naught for the strong heart to fear.

Hail! hail to it, rife with bright hope!

Our best aid with life's ills to cope,

 For strength it will bring,—

 And though it take wing,—

 Will return to our breast,

 Like a bird to its nest,

And give to the mind and heart full scope.

Hail! all hail to the new, New Year!
The old with memory is dear;
 But more, and yet more,
 Has the New Year in store:
 The near future is bright,
 The hope basks in its light,
So, our hearts are blest in its cheer.



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